

JESSIE MORRISON OUT
ON PAROLE IN KANSASTEN YEARS AGO SHE KILLED THE
WOMAN WHO WAS HER SUCCESSFUL RIVAL.

Topeka, Kan.—Jessie Morrison, the best known woman convict in the Kansas state penitentiary, was paroled recently by Gov. Stubbs. The parole was a complete surprise to Miss Morrison, and Gov. Stubbs said he did not know two hours before he signed the parole that he was going to release her. The governor concluded that the last trial was not important.

The crime for which Jessie Morrison was sent to the penitentiary was the murder of Mrs. Olin Wiley Castle, her successful rival for the affections of Olin Castle of Eldorado, June 22, 1900. The case was one of the most sensational in the history of the Kansas court. Miss Morrison was given three separate trials.

At the first trial there was a hung jury, nine jurors standing for ac-



Jessie Morrison Leaves Prison.

quittal and three for conviction of manslaughter. At the second trial she was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. She went to the penitentiary and remained there for two months and three days pending a new trial. At the third trial she was convicted of murder, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for 25 years.

Miss Morrison went to the penitentiary to begin serving her 25-year term July 8, 1902. She has served eight years, three years more than she was sentenced for on the second trial. Thousands of letters from all parts of the state and from other states are on file at the governor's office petitioning for a pardon or a parole for Jessie Morrison. Gov. Stubbs has been through all of them and knows every detail of the case.

Jessie Morrison left the penitentiary in company with Warden and Mrs. J. K. Cuddy. She went to Kansas City and from there to Excelsior Springs, where she has a sister, Mrs. Ida Hawley.

The terms of the parole provide that she may remain in Kansas or go to Missouri or Oklahoma. Her aged father lives in Oklahoma, at Calumet. Jessie Morrison is about 40 years of age. She cut Mrs. Castle's throat with a razor, Mrs. Castle living three days following the attack, although her windpipe was severed. Olin Castle, the man in the case, is married again and now lives in California.

BAKE BREAD AND DARN SOCKS

Home Manager of Richest Policeman
Tells Young People How to Succeed.

Chicago.—"Bake bread and darn socks," is the advice of Mrs. Anton Klinger to wives who want wealth to come to their husbands. Mrs. Klinger is the wise, general manager and treasurer of the Klinger family. By baking bread and darning socks and practicing other housewifery arts and economies she has helped her husband become the richest policeman in Chicago, with an income of \$600 a month from his houses.

Mrs. Klinger says it is all due to the study and practice of household economy, which includes everything from building a kitchen fire to managing a husband.

Not the least important detail of managing a husband, Mrs. Klinger says, is keeping him home evenings. "The way to keep a man home," she says, "is to keep him busy. If you don't he will get tired of his home and get in the habit of passing his evenings down town. I used to manage to have odd jobs for Mr. Klinger about the house, and when he wasn't working he was reading."

"Here is my advice to young people. Get married just as early as the man is earning enough money to take care of a wife, and buy a home with the first savings. There is nothing that will make two persons try to save like the thought that it is going to pay for a home of their own. It will make both work together and they will be happier for it. There is no surer way to save money than to spend it for a home of your own."

Parrot Talks to Mens.

Winsted, Conn.—A parrot, owned by Otto E. Schneider of Sandfield, escaped in the evening and flew to the henhouse of N. H. Snow, one of Schneider's neighbors. It talked to the hens, which became alarmed at its presence. Snow heard its voice and thinking it was a chicken thief robbing his roosts, brought his gun into play, killing Polly. Schneider gave Polly a decent burial.

CHOOSING THE
FAMILY COW

In choosing the family cow one is not limited nowadays in the matter of breed. Well-bred stock has become so general, that ordinarily one can buy at option an individual of almost any of the approved breeds; not a pedigreed animal, perhaps, unless a rather high price is paid, but a "high-grade," which means that the animal is not a registered pedigree, but is nearly enough pure-bred to be so for all practical purposes. It remains, then, to choose whether one will buy a Holstein, a Jersey, an Ayrshire, or one of any other of the breeds commonly in use.

The choice must be made in accordance with what is most wanted, whether milk or cream. If cream, the choice, most emphatically, should be a Jersey or a Guernsey. But for feeding infants, a milk a little less rich in butter fats than that given by these animals is generally better. An ideal cow for this purpose is a cross between the Jersey and Ayrshire, and this, perhaps, is as good a family cow as can be had for all the uses generally required. But it is only occasionally that a cow bred in just this way is to be found, and a cross of the Jersey or Guernsey—which are strictly butter breeds—upon any of the approved milk breeds makes an animal of very similar characteristics. The strictly milk breeds are not recommended for family cows.

The first thing to remember in choosing a cow is that the cow most feminine in appearance is the best milker. Roughly speaking, she should be shaped something like a wedge—large and well-developed behind, and small and fine in front.

She should be wide between the hips and low in the flank, with her hind quarters set a little apart, so as to give room for her udder. Her belly should be of good size, but should round outward, rather than downward, and her rump should be straight—that is, the root of her tail should be nearly on a line with her back-bone. The shoulders should be thin and rather narrow at the top; chest deep rather than broad; neck thin, head small, but longish—clean-cut and fine in the muzzle. The horns should be small and of fine texture; and the eyes rather large, but mild and gentle, and not showing much of the white. Her skin should be soft and pliable, and the finer and silkier her coat the better.

The udder should be large and well-developed, but should stay properly in its place and not sag down too low. The four teats should stand well apart from each other, forming a "square" udder; and they should be smooth and soft, free from warts or excrescences. They should also be long enough to be taken hold of by the whole hand in milking, as when they are so short as to have to be held between the thumb and two fingers, the work of milking is greatly increased.

The udder should always be free from fleshiness, and after being emptied of milk it should be soft, shrunken and somewhat wrinkled. Fleshiness in the udder cannot be detected when it is full, and the only test is to have the cow milked. This test also shows how much milk she gives and whether she is gentle.

If the cow has any bad habit—such as breaking out of her pasture or rarely being discovered on such first examination as the purchaser can give, even if he is very careful; but it is sure to show itself later. So in this matter he must trust the seller and take his chance. But the chance, after all, is not a very long one, for the overwhelming majority of cows are free from these habits, and if she is gentle to milk and handle there is usually little to fear.

A great many new owners of cows are disappointed at first in the amount of milk obtained. This is because the cow is always uneasy and homesick in a new place, and she must become thoroughly wonted to her surroundings before she will do her best at the pail. This is a matter not infrequently of a week or more.

This homesickness cannot be avoided, but it can be shortened, and some of the uneasiness of the cow averted by attending very carefully to her wants and rendering her, if possible, more comfortable than in the place she came from.

Pintch Oil for Gophers.

In Colorado prairie dogs have been destroyed with bisulphide of carbon gas in a manner similar to the experiment tried in Minnesota at university farm on pocket gophers. Recently the Colorado station has tried, with wonderful success, pintch oil—a by-product of the pintch gas and used for lighting trains. It has been used for the same manner as bisulphide of carbon is used, with equal fatal results on the prairie dog. It is assumed in Minnesota that if pintch oil fumigation is destructive of prairie dog life in Colorado it ought to be equally so in Minnesota with pocket gophers and the Minnesota experiment station probably will experiment with it. This oil is only half as expensive as bisulphides of carbon, according to the Colorado report, and can be procured at railroad centers where there is a pintch gas factory. Only half as much of it is required to kill a prairie dog in his burrow as of bisulphide.

No man ever loved a great good without hating that which stood in its way.

WHAT SIMPSON DID ABOUT IT.

He Was Fully Convinced of the
Advantages of Advertising.

"Once, when I was editing a paper in a Lancashire town, I convinced a man in a most emphatic way that it paid to advertise," said an old journalist. "He was a fairly prosperous tradesman, whom I will call Simpson, and I had tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my paper."

"Oh, it's no use," he would say. "I never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one else does. I believe in advertising, but in a way that will force itself on the public. Then it pays. But in a newspaper—pshaw! Everybody who reads a newspaper dodges the advertising pages as if they were poison."

"Well," said I, "if I can convince you that people do read the advertising pages of my paper, will you advertise?"

"Of course I will. I will advertise whenever I think it will do any good."

"The next day I had the following line set up in the smallest type in the office, and stuck it in the most obscure corner of the paper:

"What is Simpson going to do about it?"

"The next day so many people annoyed Simpson by asking him what the line meant that he begged me to explain the matter in my next issue. I promised to do so if he would let me write the explanation and stand to it. He agreed, and I wrote:

"He's going to advertise, of course."

"And he did."

Strenuous Treatment.



Rastus—Doan' yo' husband lub yu eny mo'? Why, befo' soon after de marriage he used to say fer a good wife yu was de record.

Lucinda—Yeas, en now he comes home en tries to beat de record.

Like His Father.

At the Grant family dinner, says the New York Sun, Major General Frederick D. Grant, told this story on himself:

"I was booked to speak at a large dinner in town and the toastmaster felt it incumbent upon him to make my path as smooth as possible. He therefore spoke of my father and said that I strongly resembled him. This had the desired effect on the people present and they gave me their best attention."

"Although I spoke as well as I could I felt that everyone was disappointed in me and I sat down with relief that it was over."

"The toastmaster rose and smiled at me. Then he said to the guest:

"Didn't I tell you he was just like his father? He can't speak worth a cent."

His Word Was Good, Though.

Representative John S. Williams tells of a case tried in a Southern court where counsel for the defendant endeavored to impugn the testimony of a negro witness. The latter regarded the lawyers with a mixed expression of astonishment and resentment. Then, turning to the judge, he said:

"Yo' honah, I see a pore but respectable man. I see always behave mahself. I ain't never been lynched an' the only mule I ever stole knocked me down an' broke one of my laigs."—Success.

An Important Summons.

They had been married but two months, and they still loved each other devotedly. He was in the backyard blacking his boots.

"Jack!" she called, at the top of her voice. "Jack, come here, quick!"

He knew at once that she was in danger. He grasped a stick and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue. He entered the room breathlessly, and found her looking out of the window.

"Look!" she said. "That's the kind of a bonnet I want you to buy me."

The Parson Explained.

A Scots minister had forgotten to bring his manuscript to the church and on going into the pulpit gave his congregation this explanation: "I am very sorry, my friends, to have to tell you that I have mislaid my manuscript. I must, therefore, this morning just say to you what the Lord has put into my mouth, but I trust I shall come this afternoon better provided."—London Tatler.

Bre'r Williams's Sentiments.

Lawd, make us thankful fer what we 'bout ter receive, but give us strength ter run ten mile a hour w'en we 'bout ter fall into de hands er de receiver!

It doesn't take us long ter git climatized ter trouble, en it don't take us long ter spend our money en experience celebratin' one day er joy.—Atlanta Constitution.

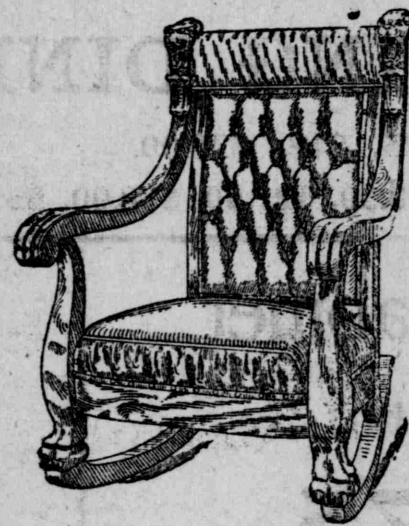
THE NEW BETTER VALUE STORE.

BIG CUT SALE

Stock must be reduced at once to make room for our Christmas Goods that we are receiving daily. This means a

SAVING OF 25 PER CENT. FOR YOU.

All goods marked in plain figures. Have bought too heavy is my reason for reducing stock. No goods charged at these prices, but you can get them at the regular price and have them charged.



Leather Rockers \$11 down to \$5.

Nice Quartered Oak Roll Seat Rockers \$9.00 down to \$2.75.

Davenport Beds, Boston Leather, \$45.00 down to \$18.75.

Leather Box Couches, \$25.00 down to \$12.50.

Big Cut in Dining Tables, Sideboards and China Closets.

Come now; don't wait until everybody picks them over.

E. M. WHEELER,
ROBNEEL BUILDING, 8TH AND MAIN.
BOTH PHONES.

An Outside Vegetarian.

"If you are not an outside vegetarian, you are not really a vegetarian at all."

The speaker was a member of Philadelphia's little vegetarian church uptown. An odd figure in his gray health shirt, gray ventilated suit, gray knit gloves, gray aerated hat, gray cloth boots, he continued:

"An inside vegetarian is one who puts in his interior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals. An outside vegetarian puts on his exterior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals."

"See my gloves—vegetable gloves of cotton—not made of the skins of murdered kids. See my boots—woolen—owing nothing to some poor murdered calf. See my buttons—wooden—not made of grisly bones."

"Inside and outside"—so the quaint faddist concluded—"I am a vegetarian, and inside I get along without the murdering of any creature, fish, flesh or fowl. There are many like me."—Philadelphia Press.

Something Definite.

Angelina Spring, in spite of the beatific sound of her name, had a bad temper. One day she insisted on crying, and protested, when the question was put often enough to elicit an answer that she had a "pain." Exactly where, she would not or could not describe. Her persistent fretting finally won for her a vigorous spanking.

After the punishment there was quiet. A caller came, and heard the tale.

"You see," said Mrs. Spring, "she kept saying that 'it hurt her,' but she wouldn't say where. So there seemed no other way to stop her bawling than to spank her."

"Kind of localizing the pain?" suggested the visitor.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Spring, heartily. "That is it precisely."

A Remarkable Aeroplane.

Thomas A. Edison believes that the aeroplane will not be of real practical use until it is made on the helicopter principle.

"However," said Mr. Edison, the other day, "I heard of a new aeroplane that went without a hitch last week all the way from Chicago to Philadelphia."

"It went," he added, "by train."—Philadelphia Press.

Brief and to the Point.

There is no superfluous verbiage in the note which a tradesman sent to a dilatory creditor: "Sir, the enclosed is a bill. If you pay it, you will oblige me. If you don't, I shall oblige you."

The Demure Brown Maiden in Her
Holiday Attire.

The Japanese college girl entertaining the fudge party with oriental reminiscences.

"On every holiday," she said, "the Japanese maiden must rise and have her toilet finished before the sun looks over Fujiyama, our sacred mountain."

"And what a toilet! The long, coarse black tresses are washed, combed and greased till the head shines like a knob of polished black marble. The cheeks are rouged a fine pink. The throat, neck and bosom are powdered, but at the nape of the neck there are left three lines of the original brown skin, in accordance with the rules of Japanese cosmetics."

"With charcoal she rounds and lengthens her eyebrows. She reddens her lips with cherry paste, adding a gilt diamond to the center of the pouting lower lip. She puts on eight fresh garments, and she ties her obi, or great sash, in a symbolical knot. Her socks—she doesn't wear stockings—are very white and pure, and her clogs are lacquered till they shine like a silk hat."

"Now she is ready to set out. She fills her silk tobacco pouch, thrusts her pipe in her girdle, puts six paper handkerchiefs up her wide sleeve and sallies forth, turning her toes in and waving her fan with a demure grace."—Los Angeles Times.

The Story of a Song.

The story of "Ninety and Nine," the well-known hymn the music for which Mr. Ira D. Sankey improvised in a burst of deep feeling, was told by the Rev. Dr. C. E. Locke, at the funeral of Mr. Sankey. The evangelist had found a little poem, "The Lost Sheep," in a Scotch newspaper, so runs Doctor Locke's account in the Brooklyn Eagle, and had clipped it. One night in Edinburgh Mr. Moody asked him to sing. Mr. Moody had just finished his sermon, "The Good Shepherd." Mr. Sankey had no thought of composing a new song, but as he used to tell the story:

"As I sat at the organ my fingers fell on a flat and my eyes fell on that little poem. I began to sing and I sang the words of that poem."

When he had finished, Mr. Moody rushed down from the platform and asked him where he had found that song. He said it was the most wonderful song he had ever heard. Mr. Moody was weeping, Mr. Sankey was weeping and the audience was in tears, so great was the impression produced by the song.

USE OF BOTH HANDS.

Ambidexterity, it is asserted, develops the intelligence.

A movement has been started in Germany for the cultivation of ambidexterity. The idea is that developing the power to use both hands equally well means developing the intelligence in general and the memory in particular.

It is said to have been scientifically ascertained that while right handed people have the organ of speech on the left side of the brain, and vice versa, people who are ambidextrous have two language centers, one in each lobe of the brain. The infant begins life with two speech centers, but as the right hand is generally trained and the left neglected, the right speech center gradually grows torpid and useless.

The extraordinary claim is now made that by the cultivation of the left hand the capacity of the right speech center of the brain can be revived, and to that extent broadened the intelligence, as ambidexterity increases the use of the human being's hand.

Instances are quoted by supporters of the movement in which practicing the left hand has rescued a power of speech until then paralyzed. One patient in question was stricken and with it paralysis of the right hand. The doctor started teaching the patient to write with the left hand, with astonishing results that in a short time the power of speech was awakened in the hitherto torpid organ of speech.

An even more astonishing case was that of a boy who at the age of thirteen lost his left hand but soon learned to do fairly well with an artificial member. At the age of thirty, he suffered a stroke of paralysis which robbed him of the power of speech, but by means of a small ring with a pen attached to it fixed in the artificial limb he could practice writing, and thus not only recovered power over his original speech, but over French and Russian, which he had forgotten. As a matter of fact ambidexterity is necessary in several professions and occupations, of which surgery and also piano playing may be given as examples.—Berlin Letter London Standard.

Precise.

A young Baltimore Man has a habit of correcting carelessness in speech that comes to his notice. The other day he walked into a shop and asked for a comb. "Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the clerk. "No," said the customer, gravely, "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."